This louing tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. Iſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare as to mine enemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this frailè Sepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land.
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie Soule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were Traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen baniſht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.
King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eies,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeares
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in one word; ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed Lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age and endleſſe night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.

King.